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By the Brook



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Illustrations by

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W. J. P. Jan. 2, 18.
This little booklet is dedicated to my

Mother and Children

In remembrance of a pleasant summer

At Lake Dunmore, Vermont

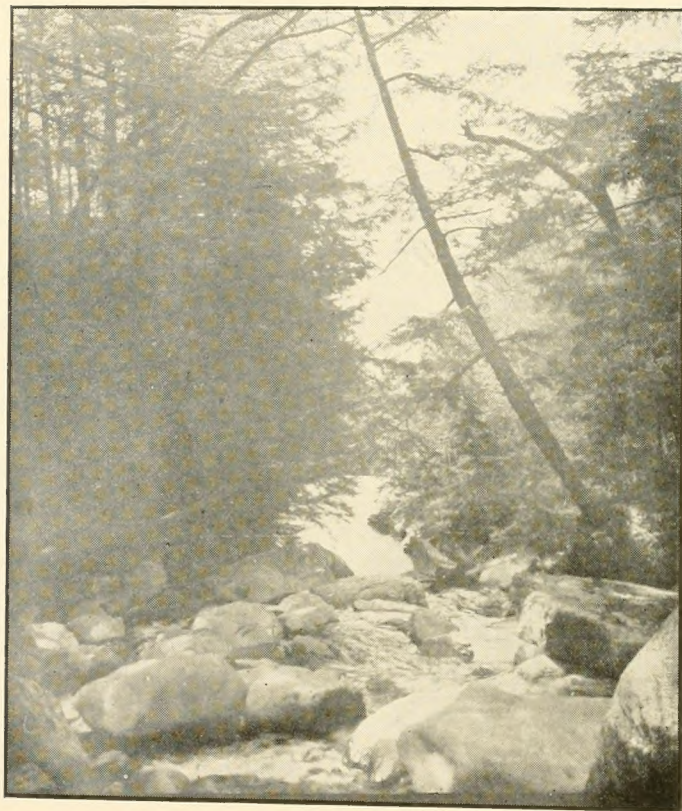
1916



By the Brook

It was near the end of a summer day—
I sat by the babbling brook ;
Which flowed by the foot of Green Mountains,
And formed a cozy nook.

The water was clear as crystal,
And the stones o'er which it ran,
Were of various size, and color,
Beyond description of pen.



The Brook So Cool and Clear

It never ceased its flowing,
It never ceased its work;
But quietly o'er the pebbly stones,
Its duty did not shirk.

So I still stayed on, and listened
To the brook so cool and clear;
And a prayer went up to the Father
To keep me from all fear.



The Cedar, Balsam and Pine

The trees so tall, and varied,
The Cedar, Balsam, and Pine,
Hanging their branches just above me,
And gave me a thought divine.

Nestling there beneath the trees
Were ferns, both large, and small,
And mossy beds, a carpet spread,
Entreating me to call.



Just Beyond a Mountain Tall

Just beyond, a mountain tall,
Where grows the Norway pine;
When day is done, at set of sun,
Invites you to a climb.

So in my thought, I pondered o'er
The wonders, I had seen;
'Twas a picture for an artist,
To paint upon a screen.



Llana Cascade

The cascade up the mountain high,
Has never ceased to fall,
And make this dear old babbling brook,
Sweet memories for us all.

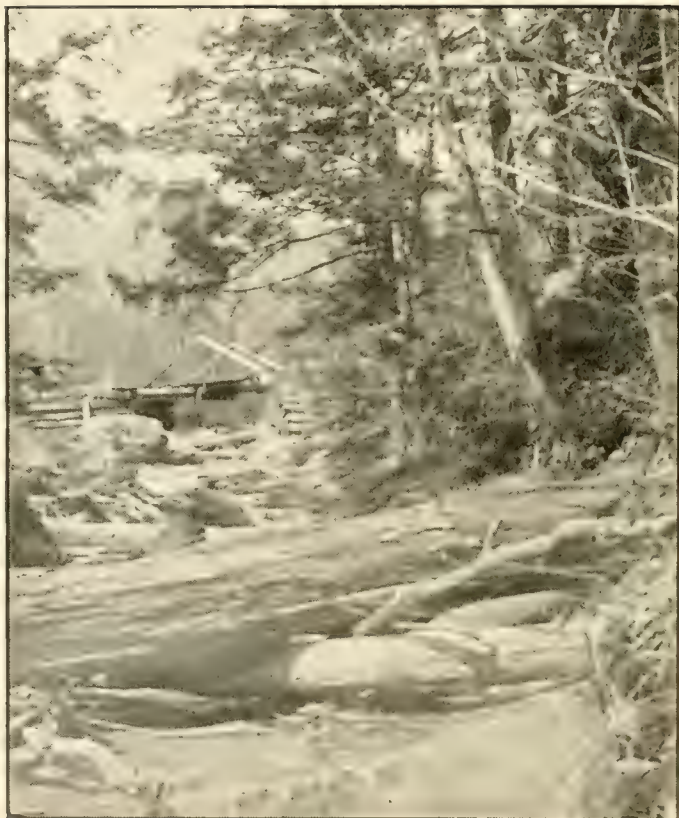
Just underneath a hanging rock,
I saw what seemed to me,
The statue of an Indian,
As plain, as plain could be.



Power Station

Now progress, some may call it,
Or civilization say,
Are dynamiting these great rocks,
And clearing them away

To build a power station, to use
For light, and power, they say,
'Twill never be just quite the same,
I am glad, I'm here today.



Down by the Side of the Mountain

Down by the side of the mountain,
You find a winding stair
Of rocks, of roots, and branches,
You hardly think it fair

When you see those mighty giants,
Shattered through, and through;
They look just ready to totter,
You can scarce believe 'tis true.



The Old Pine Tree

The Elana Cascade, had right o'way,
For many, many, a year;
'Twill soon be silent as the night,
We yield, but shed a tear.

Nature, how beautiful and grand!
Thou art this day to me;
As I sit beside the babbling brook,
Beneath the old pine tree.



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